# The Oak and Holly Kings

For this storytelling, there will be parts for the Narrator, the Oak King, and the Holly King. The two Kings can wield wooden staves or prop swords. The Holly King is dressed in green and black and wears a crown of holly and bells (something reflective of Yule/Winter) and the Oak King wears a crown of flowers and oak leaves and dressed in the colors of spring.

**Narrator:** Since the beginning of the world, the forces of summer and winter battle twice each year for supremacy over the land. The Oak King, the lord of spring and summer, presides over light and warmth. While the Oak King rules, the land is fertile, the days are long, and the winds are clement. The Holly King, lord of autumn and winter, has the power of darkness and cold. His winds are brisk and bracing. The fields are barren under his watch. Twice each year, at the winter and summer solstices, the Kings meet in battle to determine whose power shall prevail for the next six months.



**Holly King:** I am the lord of winter. See my works and rejoice! The night sky is dark and beautiful. The sun is not so bright as to scorch your skin or burn your eyes. The winter snow is white and beautiful. My evergreen trees stand tall and proud. There is no incessant buzzing of insects on my watch. Everything is quiet, pristine, and pure. All is as it should be. May winter last forever!

**Oak King:** No, my brother! It is time for your reign to end. Yes, the long nights are pretty, but now the sun must return. The blue sky of summer is just as beautiful as the starry sky of midwinter. The pines are beautiful, but so are the apple, maple, and oak trees. Snow is a wonder to behold, but so are flowers. Insects may buzz, but they also bring life to flowers and fruit trees. You reign must end. Spring must come!

**Holly King:** My brother, if you seek to rule the land, then you must take it from me by force. Let us be joined in battle.

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**Oak King:** Yes, my brother. Spring must arrive, and so I will do as I must. Let us battle!

*The two kings begin mock battle. At first, they are evenly matched, but the Holly King briefly appears to be winning.*

**Narrator:** And so they fought, brother-against-brother, as they have done so since the land first formed.

**Holly King**: See! I hold the power of night, the power of winter. Yield to me, and I will spare you!

**Oak King:** Never! I must bring back the power of the sun. I will not yield!

*The Oak King falls to the ground but then rolls away from a sword blow and regains his stance. Now he appears to have renewed purpose and determination.*

**Narrator:** Will winter last forever? Or will the Oak King be victorious?

The Oak King’s combat prowess increases and the Holly King starts slowly retreating under the Oak King’s relentless blows.

**Holly King:** No! Winter must continue!

**Oak King:** There must be balance, my brother!

The Holly King is now obviously running out of energy. Under the barrage of blows, he drops to one knee, then collapses to a heap on the floor. The Oak King stops swinging his weapon and holds his sword/staff at the ready position, aimed at the fallen Holly King.

**Holly King:** I yield. I am defeated. But I ask of you, my brother, that you spare me.

The Oak King extends a hand to the Holly King and raises him to his feet.

**Oak King:** Of course I shall spare you, my brother. You are need just as much as I am. The land must have balance between light and dark, warm and cold, waking and sleeping. Take your rest now. And we shall meet again at midsummer.

*The Holly King bows respectfully to the Oak King and exits.*

**Oak King:** Let the light return. Let the days grow longer. May life return to the land. So mote it be!

**Narrator:** And so the balance of power shifts from darkness to light. From now until midsummer, the days shall increase and the skies will brighten. All is as it should be. Blessed be.